Egeus, I will ouerbeare your will:
For in the Temple, by and by, with vs,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is ſomthing worne,
Our purpoſ'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away, with vs, to *Athens*. Three and three,
Weele holde a feaſt, in great ſolemnitie. Come *Hyppolita*.
Deme. Theſe things ſeeme ſmall and vndiſtinguiſhable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into clouds.
Her. Me thinks I ſee theſe things, with parted eye,
When euery thing ſeemes double.
Hel. So mee thinkes:
And I haue fonnd *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.
Dem. Are you ſure
That we are awake? It ſeemes to me,
That yet we ſleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him?
Her. Yea, and my father.
Hel. And *Hyppolita*.
Lyſ. And he did bid vs follow to the Temple.
Dem. Why then, we are awake: lets follow him, and by
the way lets recount our dreames.
Clo. When my cue comes, call mee, and I will anſwere
My next is, moſt faire *Pyramus*. Hey ho. *Peeter Quince*
Flute, the bellowes mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starueling*
Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left mee a ſleepe? I have
had a moſt rare viſion. I haue had a dreame, paſt the wit
of man, to ſay; what dreame it was. Man is but an Aſſe, if
hee goe about expound this dreame. Me thought I was
there is no man can tell what. Me thought I was, and me
thought I had. But man is but patcht a foole, If hee will
offer to ſay, what mee thought I had. The eye of man
hath not heard, the eare of man hath not ſeene, man
hand

hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceiue, nor his
hearte to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Pe-
ter Quince* to write a Ballet of this dreame: it ſhall be
call'd *Bottoms Dreame*; becauſe it hath no bottome: and
I will ſing it in the latter end of a Play, before the Duke.
Peraduenture, to make it the more gratious, I ſhall ſing
it at her death.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby *and the rabble*.

Quin. Haue you ſent to *Bottoms* houſe? Is he come
home, yet?
Flut. Hee cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is tranſ-
ported.
Thyſ. If hee come not, then the Play is mard. It goes
not forward. Doth it?
Quin. It is not poſſible. You haue not a man, in all *A-
thens*, able to diſcharge *Pyramus*, but he.
Thyſ. No, hee hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-
craft man, in *Athens*.
Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon to, and hee is a very
Paramour, for a ſweete voice.
Thiſ. You muſt ſay, Paragon. A Paramour is (God
bleſſe vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug, *the Ioyner*.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is comming from the Tem-
ple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more
married. If our ſport had gon forward, wee had all
beene made men.
Thyſ. O ſweete bully *Bottome*. Thus hath hee loſt ſix
pence a day, during his life: hee coulde not haue ſcaped
ſixe pence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him ſix
pence a day, for playing *Pyramus*, Ile be hanged.
He would haue deſerued it. Six pence a day, in *Pyramus*,
or